

Kay T. Fields – Two Poems

So Many Beds

Seated in a recliner, my eyes begin
to grow heavy as I watch my dozing dog
enjoy his favorite afternoon sleeping spot.
He is curled into a tight fur ball
on top of a small, once treasured, white pillow.

As I relax into my own afternoon swoon,
he wakes and seems to consider a move to
his large body pillow wedged under the couch
and covered with a soft towel. He acts as if
too much effort is involved. He rearranges himself
and continues his snooze.

I amuse myself by contemplation of
his multiple choices of comfy beds. Evening
requires a shift to our master bedroom where
several slumber options are available to the Yorkie.
He has a hovel, named by his man, which resembles
a tent, currently his favorite.

Near our bed is a quilt, folded to his taste with
throw pillows at each end, or on the far wall a
large outdoor chaise cushion is topped with a
faded, denim jacket and an old sheet. He chooses
this option if he needs some space and solitude.

I begin my sleep, but he stirs, waking me.
Like the Yorkie, I rearrange myself, sink
into my soft recliner, and peacefully doze
in my own day bed.

Tribal Connections

Window down, my Yorkie gazes out
the passenger side as we drive past
black Angus cows loafing in the pasture.
Animated, he whines, pleading
to communicate with his tribe.

He loves those four-footed ruminants,
positive he belongs with them in that
grassy field. His whole body yearns toward
the cows. He yelps pitifully when we leave.
His spirit plummets and tail droops.

At home, he settles on the sofa and gazes
contentedly at the T.V. A horse appears onscreen,
he leaps to the floor with a ferocious bark, paces
with a vicious snarl, like the killer he imagines he is.
The horse is a poor substitute for his beloved cows.

Relaxed again, half-dozing, he becomes alert again,
a low growl is followed by a volley of sharp barks.
Another enemy threatens. This creature is a reddish fox,
an ad meme called Car Fox. Another imposter,
and not of his tribe.

I imagine he thinks I belong to him.
Might he believe me to be his cow?

Kay. T. Fields has worn many hats. A former credit analyst for a leading auto company, she has raised rabbits, practiced calligraphy, made a major move to another part of the country where she knew nobody at the age of sixty-seven, and now focuses on her two life-long passions, reading and writing poetry. She has won awards in *Tennessee Magazine* and The Grace Writer's contest. Her memoir will be published in the Spring of 2021.